

## DAILY COMMENT ON

Probably if Geo. P. Bent were to sit down to one of his Crown pianos the tune he would play would be:

"If you ain't got no money you needn't come aroun'."

But it may be Bent's piano training that leads him to want the Tribune to be an organ of big business.

One of those organs that plays when you put money in the slot. And the advertising department is the slot.

When Bent wrote that stuff he is sending business men about the Tribune he must have been mad enough to bite Jim Keeley on the ankle.

Editor Si. O'Donnell, one of leading Hearst editors, will make his bow to the public Monday, when his trades union edition of the Examiner, without the union label, will appear.

It would be interesting now to hear the financial report of the Illinois Equal Suffrage League on that special suffrage edition.

All of us who helped boost it along naturally feel interested in knowing how it panned out financially.

Then later we'll get a report on that trades union edition mebbe.

The Chicago Association of Commerce will now beg Sec'y of War Garrison to leave Fort Sheridan on the map and not take the sojer boys away from dear old Chicago.

However, Uncle Sam has our permission to take the soldiers away and also the darned old fort.

What the dickens does Chicago need with either a fort or a lot of sojers?

The injuns ain't going to attack us. No danger of a flock, covey, herd or bunch of wild buffalo overrunning the town.

The Japs would have to cross the Rockies before they could get at us. And the Mex would have to conquer a few states south before we would be in danger.

## PEOPLE AND THINGS

There's no danger from the north, and none from the east. So what do we want with either troops or fort?

Nobody will give the real reason Big Business wants both the fort and the soldiers, unless it is that they want soldiers handy to shoot workmen into submission if it should become necessary.

By the way, lads, Herm Kohlsaatt let out a yell for help in this morning's Inter-Ocean, intimating that business is bad and that Big Business had better come across with more advertising or he may fly the coop.

Herm's right. He has fought the good fight for the plutes, and they ought to load him up with advertising whether anybody reads it or not.

Plutocracy should never commit the crime of ingratitude. When the Inter-Ocean passes the hat, the plutes should come across. Where's Julius Rosenwald?

O goody! We almost forgot Geo. P. Bent. The Ocean is just the kind of paper he needs about the house. The very place for George to advertise Crown pianos. Go to it, George.

And Grape Nuts Postum of Battle Creek ought to take a page ad daily advertising fresh Battle Creek sawdust for plutes with tender stomachs and patent medicine coffee for invalids.

If Rosenwald has nothing to advertise he might show his good will by hiring a street car and taking the Inter-Ocean subscribers out for a nice ride, or give each subscriber a pair of smoke inspector shoes.

That would be real philanthropy and would get Jule's name in the paper.

By the way, why doesn't the Trit drop something itself in the hat for that special grand jury? Isn't it getting its money's worth?

When you buy your fall clothes

Get a ring for your nose,

For in France it is swell

To thus ring the bells.